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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

JUST after correcting the proofs of a paper I am about to publish with other articles in support of the Cipher Story, my attention was drawn to an article by Mr. G. C. Bompas, in *Baconiana* for January, 1901.

As that gentleman takes an entirely different view of the "Cipher Story," it seems to me desirable in this place to give my comments upon his article.

I gather the following to be the main points put forward by Mr. Bompas against the truth of the "Cipher Story:—

1. That the book is published to bolster up the works of a certain American author, Dr. Owen.

2. That the disclosures in Mrs. Gallup's book are in direct conflict with Francis Bacon's own statements in his authentic work, "The Felicities of Elizabeth."

3. That in the light of the ascertained facts of history, the story may be rejected as fabulous.

I therefore deal with the points in the above order.

1. While it would appear to be in accordance with modern literary manners to suggest that any person favouring the Baconian view of the authorship of the Shakespearian Plays is a "crank," or "quarter educated," I was unprepared to find a writer in *Baconiana* ready to impute sinister motives to a new worker in the field of research. As to the likelihood of a cipher, so careful a thinker as Mr. W. F. C. Wigston has borne testimony, but it seems to be the fate of those who work in that particular direction to meet with nothing but contumely and reproach. The late Mr. Donnelly, with his mathematical cipher has just gone to his grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Dr. Owen, with his "Word Cipher," has broken down through ill-health, and now Mr. Bompas proceeds to give him a kick. Why ought Mrs. Gallup to expect better treatment? I understand that her eyesight is affected, and that she has been ordered complete rest, while her work is referred to in a London magazine as "Ameri-

can tarradiddles." The lady is a complete stranger to me, save for a bow exchanged on the occasion of the only meeting I have attended of the Bacon Society. She seemed and has been since described to me to be a modest and fair-minded American lady, and as a mere act of common politeness, she deserves to be treated as honourable until the contrary be conclusively proved. If Mr. Bompas desires to completely discredit her, his first course should be to employ competent decipherers to check over portions of the works she vouches, and if their report be adverse, publish it. The truth or untruth of the story which she has deciphered is another matter. As to the suggestion of profit, I am prepared to assert that there is no reason for the expectation that the labours of Mr. Donnelly, Dr. Owen, and Mrs. Gallup could ever be adequately compensated by the profits of their books, any more than could the producers of the first Shakespeare folio have expected to make money by *it*. It is not merely a question whether there has been profit in any of these cases, but whether such profit was adequate for the sacrificing labour involved. I think Mr. Bompas has failed to prove this point, and should in any event have reserved it to a future occasion.

2. I feel indebted to Mr. Bompas for reminding us of the eulogy written by Francis Bacon six years after Queen Elizabeth's death, and published after his own death, *in accordance with special directions* left by him. Until the Cipher Story, Francis Bacon's strong anxiety for the publication after his death of the "Felicities" was inexplicable to me. It consists of a string of platitudes and adulatory statements inconsistent with what we know, and what Francis himself must have known, about the Queen. Why did Francis print copies, and send them amongst his bosom friends, and report to Sir Tobie Matthew "that it carries a manifest impress of truth with it, and that it even convinces as it grows?" As the "Felicities" may not be handy for all my readers, I must refer them to Mr. Bompas's article; but these are some of the items it contains:—"For if, perhaps, there fly abroad any factious fames of her, raised either by discontented persons or such as are averse in religion, which, notwithstanding, dare now scarce show their faces, and are everywhere cried down, the same are neither true, neither can they be long lived." Again, "Notwithstanding, I have thought good to insert something now concerning her moral part, yet only in those things which have ministered occasion to some malicious to traduce her." Again, "But to make an end of this discourse, certainly

this Princess was good and moral, and such she would be acknowledged." And again, "This much in brief, according to my ability, but to say the truth, the only commender of this lady's virtues is time." Mr. Bompas is quite right, Francis Bacon, if speaking in cipher, contradicts Francis Bacon in the "Felicities." Is there any explanation of the contradiction? I think there is. At the time the Queen died it is manifest from the "Felicities" that the remarks flying abroad about Elizabeth were (to quote Bret Harte) "frequent and painful and free." The population was largely composed of Papists "averse in religion," and they were not disposed to deal gently with her memory. Charles the First was in 1626 on the united throne of England and Scotland, but the Earl of Essex had left children, and it was most undesirable that questions should be raised as to the right of the Stuarts to the throne. Owing to the lapse of time there was no likelihood of any trustworthy evidence being procurable as to the marriage of Dudley and the Queen, and it was best for the State that these rumours should be quieted down. Moreover, whose statement would be more likely to be accepted as final than that of the last surviving, though illegitimate, son of the rumoured union? I think, therefore, that the contradiction, which Mr. Bompas very properly emphasises, is between a statement intended for publication immediately after Bacon's death for sound reasons of State, and another statement expected to be revived at a much later date, when no harm to the succession to the throne could be done by it.

3. The facts of history, says Mr. Bompas, conflict with Mrs. Gallup's disclosures. As to the particulars of his birth, Francis Bacon, like any other of us, had to rely upon what he was told. I should imagine, from what I understand of the characteristics of this great man, that he naturally clung to the theory of his legitimacy. But whether the union of Dudley and Elizabeth was blessed by a priest or not we are never likely to know. It is possible, as Mr. Bompas says, that she may have known of Dudley's marriage with Amy Robsart, and she may have been an eye-witness of the illustration of the manners of that time, which Mr. Bompas quotes, namely, "When gentlemen did strive who should first take away a goose's head, which was hung alive on two cross posts," but just, as he reminds us later in his article, that the Queen confessed to Bishop Quadra *that she was no angel*, it is quite possible that the union in the Tower was

a vulgar intimacy which had its results on the future conduct of the parties. Let us bear in mind somewhat of the habits and manners of the time. Read what M. Taine says of the habits at Playhouses; read of the intrigues at the Court; the Sir Thomas Seymour papers; the Hatton correspondence; think of the bull-baiting; bear-baiting, and dog-fighting that Lords and Ladies delighted in; witness how readily undesired persons were beheaded, or otherwise got out of the way, and it is not necessary for the justification of the "Cipher Story" to produce a marriage certificate.

Mr. Bompas next shows by extracts from State papers that on 15th October, 1560, Quadra reported that the Queen had decided not to marry Lord Robert; that in December she notified Scotland that she was not presently disposed to marry; that on the 22nd January, 1561, and 3rd and 6th February of the same year the Queen signed official documents, and on the 15th of the latter month gave audience to Quadra. Now, says Mr. Bompas, the 22nd January, 1561, was the date of Francis Bacon's birth, and "in the light of all these facts the story of Francis Bacon being Elizabeth's son may be rejected as fabulous." If Mr. Bompas is right as to his date I admit he has made a very strong point. *But is he accurate?* Montagu's "Life" gives 11th January, 1560, as the date of birth; and 22nd January, 1620, as the date of the special celebration of his 60th birthday; Spedding's "Life" gives the date 22nd January, 1560-1. No doubt the 22nd is arrived at by altering eleven days to make it "new style."

Both Montagu and Spedding state Bacon to have died on 9th April, 1626, at the age of 66. The inscription on the tombstone gives "ætatis 66." I notice the "Dic. National Biography" gives 22nd January, 1561, for the birth, but I should like to know on what better authority. Seeing that in Elizabeth's time the historical year had long dated from 1st January, the ecclesiastical year, dating from 25th March, had nothing to do with the matter. Until Mr. Bompas comes forward with a baptismal certificate, I take 1560 as the year, and 11th January (old style), as the day and month.

Mr. Froude, from whom doubtless Mr. Bompas, like myself, quotes the Quadra letters, gives his history dates as A.D., and, I presume, has simply translated the letters without alteration of dates to new style. I also apprehend Quadra used in his letters the dates current in England at that time. That being so, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bompas is *clearly wrong as to eleven days*. There is accordingly *nothing*

extraordinary in a Queen signing a State document eleven days, and interviewing an Ambassador five weeks, after her confinement. That is, even if we accept (which at present I do not), 1561 as the year Francis was born.

The quotations given by Mr. Bompas subsequent to 22nd January, 1561, do not in any way defeat the suggestion of a form of marriage prior to the birth, on 10th November, 1567, of the son Robert. In fact, the letter of 6th August, 1566, is strong evidence that the Queen on that date *had definitely promised* that if she altered her determination as to marriage she would chose *no other than Dudley*. Everything points to the assumption that Dudley, whom the Queen, according to Miss Strickland, used to call her "Turk," was a little too much for Elizabeth, and I can well understand why Elizabeth, in 1564, was so anxious for a marriage between Dudley and Mary Queen of Scots. He was in the way of her ambition, and, if the facts of that time were as the "Cipher Story" suggests, it was in his power to disclose secrets which might not only defeat her matrimonial schemes but possibly endanger her throne. I cannot accept the short statements made by Mr. Bompas as to Dudley's relations with Lady Sheffield, and subsequently with Lady Essex. The facts should be studied in the books of Mr. Craik, Mr. Devereux, and Miss Strickland. Nor do I see any difficulty in Robert succeeding to the Earldom of Essex, which the Queen had herself created only seven years before; nor to the Essex estates, which were already mortgaged to the Queen. What chance had Walter Devereux at the age of six, seeing that his mother was wedded to Leicester? Various difficulties, with which Mr. Bompas sums up his article, do not seem to me to be more than matters which a little further elucidation will make clear. Mr. Bompas does not adduce in support of his argument the attitude of Bacon to those persons whom he always outwardly dealt with as his relations, such as Lady Ann Bacon, the Cecils, and the other relatives of Sir Nicholas Bacon's family. I think it was quite imperative on all parties in the secret that these conventions should be observed, so I attach more importance to the curious fact that, from early dates in their careers, both Francis and Robert were taken charge of by the Queen and her ministers. Sir Nicholas Bacon did not die until 1579, and the following year we find Francis (see letter of 15th October, 1580) thanking the Queen, through Lord Burleigh, for having appointed him to the Court, and made some provision for his maintenance. Doubtless up to 1579

this was provided through Sir Nicholas. Again, I see no special reason (except as explained by the Cipher) why Bacon and Essex should have always been such close friends, and always concerned in fighting one another's battles with the Queen.

Of course I am not so stupid as to believe that I have said the last word upon this very large and complicated business; but it is manifestly a case that should be carefully investigated by our cleverest men, and not boycotted as it appears to be at present.

PARKER WOODWARD.

NOTE.

1.—Since writing this article I have been furnished by the kindness of a London friend with a copy of an entry in the baptismal records of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. It is as follows:—

1560, Jan. 25.

Baptizatus fuit Franciscus Bacon filius Dm Nich^o Bacon
Magni, Anglie sigilli custodis.

I am informed that it is one of the earliest records of the Church baptisms. Allowing fourteen days as a reasonable time for a baptismal ceremony to follow the birth, I hold the date of 11th January, 1560, given by Montagu, to be correct.

[This article forms part of a book now published by Messrs. Banks and Son for Mr. Parker Woodward, entitled, "The Strange Case of Francis Tidir." Price 3s. 6d.—ED.]

PARABOLICAL POETRY.

And through the topmost oriels coloured flame
Two God-like faces gazed below,
Plato the wise, and broad-browed Verulam.

—Tennyson's "Palace of Art."

[N continuation of my last article in BACONIANA, I propose to pursue the subject of my investigations with regard to the word, "*shadow*," and to the way Bacon introduces it, when he calls parables, "*shadowy representations*" (page 42, BACONIANA.)

The word "*shadow*" is to be found very closely connoted with the words "*colour*," *veils*, and with the idea of something *false*;—finally it is sometimes introduced as synonym for a *painting*, or *portrait*,—and indeed the 1640 collection of the Sonnets, contains a picture of, Shakespeare, with the words underneath:—"This shadow was for, Shakespeare, cut," etc. This conceit probably is connected with what we call silhouettes, or *shadow portraits*, the effect being obtained by the obstruction which the profile offers to light.

It is as well therefore to note, that *shadow* is used exactly in this sense in the Plays. Bassanio in describing Portia's portrait exclaims:—

Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise, doth wrong this shadow,
In underprizing it, so far this shadow *
Doth limp behind the substance—*Mer. Ven.*, Act III., sc. ii.

Observe the *antithesis* placed between the *shadow* (or portrait) and the *substance*! Presently, passages will be presented, where this opposition is not only reiterated, but is put before us, with the deepest possible, philosophical purpose, pointing to some vital antagonism, such as exists between the false and the true, the outward and the internal, or (to introduce illustration) say—the body and the soul!

Bacon, in one of his speeches, says: "For we shall repre-

* Lucrece contemplating the painting of the Siege of Troy, exclaims:—

On this sad *shadow* Lucrece spends her eyes.—*Lucrece* (line 1457).

It is as well to observe the strong connotations made, in the Plays between Poetry and Painting. In *Timon of Athens*, Poet and Painter are always introduced together. Poetry and Painting are *twinned arts*, as indeed Horace infers in the lines:—"Ut pictura poesis," and:—

*Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

Rossetti declared, "I hold, the noblest picture is a painted poem."

sent to the King the nature of this body, as it is without the veils, or shadows that have been cast upon it." (Page 52, *Resuscitatio*, 1661).

In another speech, upon A War with Spain, Bacon observes: "Then there is no colour, or shadow, why the Palatinate should be retained." (*Resuscitatio*).

The following passage may be studied with advantage, as illustrating the antithesis introduced between the word, *shadow*, (meaning in this case, the portrait), and the *substance* (or frame), meaning the hidden power, the invisible reality belonging to Talbot. The episode is laid in the Countess of Auvergne's chateau. The lady having inveigled Talbot to her house, and finding him apparently alone, hopes to make him her prisoner. The passage is remarkable, because of the connotations, and pointed way the words "*shadow*," "*substance*," "*frame*," are introduced, particularly when these latter are paralleled with like passages, both in Bacon's prose, and in the Plays:—

Countess.—Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs.
But now thy substance shall endure the like:
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine.

Talbot.—I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practice your severity.

Countess.—Why, art not thou the man?

Talbot.—I am indeed.

Countess.—Then have I substance too.

Talbot.—No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
You are deceived, my substance is not here,
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
I tell you Madam were the whole frame* here

* The student will observe how the word *frame* is introduced in this passage to indicate the substance, or invisible hidden powers of Talbot. It is used here as indicating everything outside, and embracing the portrait, (as universality), in the same way a frame surrounds a picture! Now it is not a little remarkable to find Bacon obscurely applying this same image of *frame* to the fourth part of his *Instauration*, and also in other passages, using the word *frame*, in exactly this same general way. In his *Essays*, he writes:—

"But in the great frame of kingdoms, and commonwealths, it is in the power of princes, or estates, to add amplitude, or greatness to their kingdoms." (*Of the Greatness of Kingdoms*).

In his *Essay upon Atheism*:—"I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." (*Atheism*).

Bacon's private secretary writes of the *Instauration*:—"I have seen at the least twelve copies—altered or amended in the frame thereof." (*Life of Bacon*).

The word is here introduced in the sense of a plan, or model. In Bacon's

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

[*He winds a horn. Drums heard, then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter soldiers.*]

Talbot.—How say you, Madam? Are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but *shadow* of himself?
These are his *substance*, sinews, arms and strength
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks.

—1st K. Hen. VI., Act II. iii.

The philosophy of this passage is, that the outward personality, appearance, or picture of a man, is only a shadow,—not his *real being*, or *essence*.

The following extract, from two scenes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, illustrates this point still better:—

Proteus.—Madam, if your heart be so obdurate
Vouchsafe me yet your *picture* for my love,
The *picture* that is hanging in your chamber
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the *substance* of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a *shadow*;
And to your *shadow* will I make true love.

Julia.—If 'twere a *substance*, you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a *shadow* as I am.

Silvia.—I am very loath to be your *idol*, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.
—*Two Gent. Ver.*, Act IV. ii.

Silvia.—Ursula, bring my *picture* there.
Go give your master this. Tell him from me
[*Picture brought.*]
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this *shadow*.†
—*Ib.*, Act IV. iii.

rendering of the 90th Psalm, he introduces the expression "*frame of earthly stage*."

In writing upon the fourth part of the *Instauration* he says:—"For it came into our mind, that in mathematics, the *frame* standing, the demonstration is facile and perspicuous." (Page 36, *Preface to Instauration*).

† The word "*shadow*" is also unquestionably connoted with the idea of a pretender (mere mockery), in this passage addressed to the widow of Edward IV.

Q. Margaret.—I called thee then, poor *shadow*, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was
The flattering index of a direful pageant.
One heaved a-high to be hurled down below
A mother only mock'd at with two fair babes
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
A Queen in jest only to fill the scene.
—*K. Rich. III.*, Act IV. iv. 82.

Bacon writes :—" A Papist, being opposed by a Protestant, that they had no Scripture for *images*, answered. Yes, for you read that the people laid their sick in the streets, that the *shadow* of Saint Peter might come upon them, *and that a shadow was an image, and the obscurest of all images*"* (Apophthegms, No. 93, page 306, *Resuscitatio*, 1661). This passage is most important, as proving Bacon's profound apprehension of the dangers of materialization. For most idols, images, and emblems, in the first place (like the animal gods of Egypt), were mere symbols, or *shadows*, to express deep concepts concerning religious mysteries. With time, the ideas behind these images, became forgotten, or lost, and thus perhaps an ideal religion became debased to the mere worship of the form, or animal shape, and were thus materialized. For it is "the letter that killeth—it is the spirit that giveth life;" and a parable, as its name implies, is an envelope, or shadow, outlining and obscuring some profound truth. A shadow is *an obscuration of light*, yet it is not complete darkness, for it has outline (without details), and owes its shape to light.

Bacon employs the expressions "*shadow*," and "*colour*," in very much the same way as he introduces the words "*cover*," or concealment. For example he writes: "By whom he did also (the better to *colour* his employment), write to Lopez" (Dr. Lopez: his treason, page 156, *Resuscitatio*, 1661).

Three pages further on Bacon observes: "And therefore doubting, how far things were discovered, *to shadow the matter*, like a cunning companion, gave advertisements, etc., etc." (*Ib.* page 159).

In a letter upon Sir George Villiers, Bacon writes to the King: "It resteth that I express unto your Majesty, my great joy in your honouring and advancing this gentleman, whom to describe, *not with colours but with true lines*, I may say, etc." (Letters to the King, page 81, *Resuscitatio*, 1661).

* If the student will compare the passage cited, particularly the lines

Silvia.—I am very loath to be your *idol*, sir
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes.—*Two Gent.*

he will at once perceive, that the passage by Bacon, in which he makes the parallel, between the *image*, or *idol*, and the *shadow*, are really identical. In both these passages, there is a philosophical assault upon *idol worship*, which indeed is nothing less, than the adoration of something *external*.—a *false shape*—a *shadow*, or a *picture*! All materialism is idol worship. For matter is not a first principle—it is the *second principle*, being the vehicle, and shadow of the creative wisdom underlying it.

Again, in a speech before Parliament: "That it is not a particular party that can bind the house, nor that it is not, *shows, or colours*, can please the house." (Page 52, *Resuscitatio*, 1661).

In the sonnets the word "*shows*" is to be found in direct connotation with the *theatre, or stage*, the world being so compared:—

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.

—Sonnet 15.

Bacon too, took this view, for over and over again, he refers to the world, as *a stage*, especially in his Essay upon *Love*, where he cites the Latin of Epicurus (really from Seneca) "*Satis magnum alter alteri Theatrum Sumus*," which I quoted in my last article. And in his rendering of the ninetyeth Psalm, he speaks of the world as a stage: "*Before the hills did intercept the eye or that the frame was up of earthly stage*." (Translation of Psalm xc., *Resus.*).

This view is thus summed up by Saint Chrysostom: "The present state is merely *a theatrical show, the business of man a play, wealth and poverty, the ruler and the ruled, and such like things, are theatrical representations*."

But nobody who knows Bacon's writings will question he held this view. For he writes: "Whosoever is a partaker of *God's Theatre, shall be a partaker of God's rest*." (*Sacred Meditations*).

But to return to the subject of *shadow*, it is certain that in one sense Tennyson struck a true note, when he observed, that the earth, or world was "*The shadow of God*." (See "*Life*," by his son).

In exactly the same spirit, as *the incarnation of soul, or true substance in the flesh*, he wrote of a newly-born infant:—

O dear Spirit half lost
In thine own shadow, and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou — *De Profundis*.

"For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Swedenborg exclaimed: "One would swear that the *physical world was purely symbolical of the spiritual world!*" Bacon cites Job's wonderful wisdom, when the latter declares, "*Knowledge to be the double of that which is*." Of these two joined inseparably, one must be truth,—the

other must be the vehicle, or shadow,—matter. So in like manner creative poetry can employ the parable, or apologue, to embody, or materialize profound mysteries of religion.

Truth in closest words shall fail
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly door.—*Tennyson.*

“La limpida morale s’insinua sotto le forme dell’ Apologo, e sotto i più vaghi colori la verità non offende perchè si presenta sotto il velo dell’ allegoria.” The parable, whether in prose, or in poetry, is in reality, a *materialization*, or *incarnation* of some truth moral, or otherwise. *It is the shadow of truth!* Thus Dante apologizes for his veiled, cryptic, or acroamatic style, when he says :—

Così parlar conviensi al vostro ingegno,
Perocchè solo da sensato apprende
Cio che fa poscia d’intelletto degno.—*Paradiso* iv., 43.

And Bacon declares the same thing when he writes : “The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the *light of the sense*;—the last, was the *light of Reason*. And His Sabbath work, ever since, is the *illumination of His Spirit*.” (*Essays, Truth*, 1625).

First the vehicle, (creation)—afterwards the Revelation ! “What are poets and philosophers, but *torchbearers*, leading us through the mazes and recesses of God’s two majestic temples—the *sensible and the spiritual world*? Æschylus, Aristotle, Shakespeare—are priests who teach and expound mysteries of man and the universe. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to *decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses*. From these *Celestial and Terrestrial Globes*, we learn the configuration of the earth and the heavens.” (*Guesses at Truth*. Hare. Page 33).

Bacon has given us a *Celestial Globe* in order that we may understand the *Terrestrial Globe*. It is true the former he calls the *Intellectual World*—it is likewise true the latter is known by the name of Shakespeare. But both emanated from the same source, and the one is but a key to the other. He says : “It is the right rule or a perfect inquiry, *that nothing be found in the Globe of Matter, that hath not a parallel in the Crystalline Globe, or the Intellect*.” (*Liber VIII.*, page 401, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

It is just these parallels that are being perpetually found, (and will continue to be found) which the critics scorn. Bacon’s *Analogia Demonstrationum* (34th Deficient of his New World of Sciences) is a system of Induction, or by that,

"which Aristotle calls demonstration in orb or in circle." Sir William Hamilton admitted Analogy to a primary place in logic, and regarded it, as the very basis of induction. (Introd. Drummond's "*Natural Law*").

And now a brief word upon the general theory I hold of this entire art. I would invite the profound student to apply the passage cited by me (upon page 39) from the *Resuscitatio* of 1661 (in the last number of BACONIANA), to the entire Instauration: "Plato's opinion, that all knowledge is but remembrance; and that the mind of man knoweth all things, and demandeth only to have her own notions *excited and awaked*. Which your Majesty's rare, and indeed singular gift and faculty of swift apprehension, and *infinite expansion of another man's knowledge by your own*, as I have observed, so I did, extremely admire in Goodwin's cause. Being a matter *full of Secrets and Mysteries* of our laws, merely new unto you, and quite out of the path of your education, reading and conference. Wherein nevertheless, upon a spark given, your Majesty took in, so dexterously and profoundly, as if you had been indeed *Anima Legis*, not only in execution, but in *understanding*." (Page 207, *Resuscitatio*, 1661: Articles, or Considerations Touching the Union of the Kingdoms).

Bacon is here telling us that by means of suggestion, or sparks of information, *one man's spirit or soul, may be poured into another*. Directly the *De Augmentis* is studied, Bacon is to be found informing us *that three faculties of the soul, are Memory, Reason, and Imagination*. At the same time he founds his entire *Advancement of Learning (De Augmentis)* upon these three faculties, in a grand tripartite division, which lies as it were at the very bed-rock, underlying the entire structure of the Instauration. Thus he writes:—"So it is clearly manifest, that, from these three foundations of *Memory*, of *Imagination*, and of *Reason*, there are these three emanations, of *History*, of *Poesy*, and of *Philosophy*, and there can be no other nor no more, for History and Experience we take for one and the same, as we do Philosophy and Science." (Liber. II., chap. i., page 78, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

Directly the Fourth Book (chap. iii.) of the same *Advancement of Learning (De Augmentis)* is opened *the soul is thus described*:—

"The faculties of the soul are well-known, to be (Understanding) *Reason, Imagination, Memory*,"* etc. (Page 209, *Advancement of Learning*).

* It is not perhaps generally known that the three faculties of the soul of

"So in states, the glory of arms, and learning (whereof the one corresponds to the body, the other to the soul of man) have a concurrence, or a near sequence of time." (Page 12, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

"Neither is it any quantity of knowledge, how great soever, that can make the mind of man to swell, for nothing can fill, *much less extend, the soul of man but God*, and the contemplation of God." (Page 5, *Ib.*).

So that Bacon very closely identifies learning with soul. If therefore the "*Anima Legis*," of the passage cited, (from Bacon's letter to King James), be altered to *Anima Artis*,—the soul, or (as I prefer to express it), *the substance of art*, the reader will be in a position to understand my theory. It is (briefly stated) the belief, that a planned incarnation of spirit, or learning, has been undertaken through the Instauration by Bacon, who has carried out methodically a miracle in art, waiting yet to be revealed. Milton writes:—"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit *embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.*"

This of course is a metaphor. I would lay greater stress upon "*on purpose.*" "Books let us into the souls of men," remarks Hazlitt. But Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, his Essays, his other prose works, were written to let us into the soul of what is called Shakespeare,—or known by his name—the plays. That "Shadow of good things to come," is but a hireling. The real Shepherd will presently, like Talbot, blow his horn, and summon his invisible powers to take possession of what was always his, though denied by a doubting world! Shakespeare is the *portrait*, but the portrait

man, upon which Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* is built, or founded, are in reality the parents, or origins of the Nine Muses. "*In principio créaron tre sole Muse per indicäre la Riflessione, la Memoria, ed il Canto.*" These three—*Reflection, Memory, and Song*, are only other words for Bacon's *Reason, Memory, Imagination*, already quoted. "In proportion as the *art of versification* made progress, characteristics and effects were personified, and so the number of the *Muses* increased. The *Graces* were associated with the *Muses*, as those whose duty it was, to *embellish Poetry and Love*. Likewise as he who is the special object of it. These ideas arose in Thrace, where Orpheus and Linus flourished."

Observe how *Poetry and Song* are at the very base of this tripartite division, which Bacon bases his mighty fabric upon. Remember, that the Muses embrace the Muse of Tragedy and the Muse of Comedy, Melpomene and Thalia, also Erato and Polyhymnia, (Elegy and Sacred Song), and let us ask ourselves, what object could Bacon have in such a foundation unless he intended duly to make sacrifice and sing pæans of praise before the shrine of Apollo Musagetes? These nine Muses were originally only *three*—i.e., *Mneme*, or Memory; *Melete*, or Meditation; and *AOide*, or Song; they resided upon Mount Helicon in Bæotia, and their favourite haunt was Parnassus.

is only a *shadow* ! It is the *frame** that embraces everything, invisible and outside apparently, but in reality the substance !

So then I am not lame, poor, and despised,
Whilst that this *shadow* doth such *substance* give.

—Sonnet 37.

What is your *substance* ? Whereof are you made ?
That millions of strange *shadows* on you tend ?
Since everyone hath everyone one *shade*.

—Sonnet 53.

Whilst upon this subject of *Shadow* it will not be amiss to cite an extract from Rawley's "Life of Bacon," which is curious, and valuable, as emanating from Bacon's private secretary:—"The last five years of his life, being without civil affairs, and from an active life, he employed in contemplation, and studies. A thing whereof his lordship would often speak during his active life, *as if he affected to die in the shadow, and not in the light*, which may also be found in several passages of his works." One of these passages is to be found in the following:—"Nay, retire men cannot, when they would ; neither will they, when it were season. But are impatient of privateness, even in age, and sickness, *which require the shadow.*" (Essays. Great Place).

It is evident from Rawley's words, that Bacon had planned, long before the time of execution, retirement from an active life of the world. But it is as well to note, how these words are open to ambiguous interpretation, and may hint of other things which are at present wrapped in mystery. For example, there is no account of Bacon's funeral extant, and some of the elegies, published in his posthumous works, go so far as to hint he lived a great many years after his reputed death in 1626. Notice Rawley's expression, "*affected to die in the shadow*," which may mean "*pretended*." At the same time, as we know Rawley was perfectly instructed in Bacon's

* Compare:—

My body is the *frame* wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best *painter's* art ;
For through the *painter* must you see his skill,
To find where your true image *pictur'd* lies.

—Sonnet 24.

That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your *frame*.

—Sonnet 59.

Many of Bacon's letters published in the *Resuscitatio* are headed as "*letters framed*," probably meaning *cryptic*.

secrets, it is possible this *dying in the shadow*, has some concealed reference to Bacon's silence as to the authorship of the Plays—might mean dying in Shakespeare's shadow?

Bacon writes:—"The *images* of mind . . . generate still, and cast their *seeds* in the minds of men, raising and procreating infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages." (Page 64, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

"Man gains a wider dominion by his intellect than by his right arm; the *mustard seed* of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results; like the grain in Egyptian tombs its vitality never perishes, and its fruit will spring up after it has laid hid for long ages." (*E. H. Chapin*).

"Would a husbandman," says Socrates, "who is a man of sense, take the seed which he values, and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest place it during the heat of summer in some garden of *Adonis*, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty; would he not do that, if at all, to please spectators at a festival? But the seeds *about which he is in earnest*, he sows in fitting soil, and practices husbandry, and is satisfied, if in eight months they come to perfection." (*Phædrus*, *Jowett*).

In Bacon's explanation of the fable of Perseus, he says that Pluto provided the former with a helmet:—"Now the *helmet of Pluto*, which hath power to make men invisible, is plain in the moral, for the *secreting of Counsels* next to celerity, is of great moment in war." (Liber II., p. 124, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.) I think the student must be struck with the coincidence that this remark about *invisibility*, should occur in this fable of *Perseus*, which Bacon selects out of his "Wisdom of the Ancients," to illustrate parabolical poetry, and its interpretation. Because Perseus, on all hands, and most certainly by Bacon, is considered the emblem, or *personification of inspired poetry*! Bacon writes, "After the war was finished, and the victory won, there followed two effects,—*The procreation and raising of Pegasus*; which evidently denotes Fame, that flying through the air, the world proclaims Victory." (*Ib.*) Perseus cuts off the *Medusa* head,—*"Her he found sleeping, yet durst not venture himself in front to her aspect, if she should chance to awake, but turning his head aside, beholding her by reflection in Pallas' Mirror, and so directing his blow, cut off her head, from whose blood gushing out, instantly there emerged Pegasus, the flying horse."*—(Page 121, Liber II., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

Every schoolboy knows what *Pegasus* means. To get upon *Pegasus* is to mount one's muse, to give rein to the poetic imagination. In this fable it is plain that Pallas' looking-glass is allegorical for *mental reflection, counsel, or thought*. Medusa is materialism which must not be looked at directly (but indirectly), and which when it is discovered (by reflection) to be illusion, dies, and out of its death the triumphant soul, providing from its mastery wings, mounts up rejoicing like Pluto's chariot! Note that Bacon, introduces three only of his fables (selected out of his collection, entitled, the "Wisdom of the Ancients") to illustrate by examples, parabolical poetry, or representative dramatic art. Moreover, observe, that these three fables follow, in the *De Augmentis*, directly upon the discussion of the Drama, or Stage plays! These three fables are of Pan, or Nature; Bacchus, or Passion; Perseus, or the inspired poetic soul,—

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Therefore desire of perfectest love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull horse) in his fiery race.—*Sonnet 51.*

Bacon writes, "Surely knowledges have, if a man mark it well, two other dimensions besides *profundity*—namely, latitude and longitude. For profundity is referred to the *truth and reality of them, and this makes them solid.*" (Liber VI., p. 277, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

This demonstrates Bacon's inconceivable depth of mind, for not only are certain knowledges possessed of a third dimension, but all creative, or spiritual ideal literature, whether allusive, or parabolical, must be in possession of this third dimension, which though latent, and not apparent to the vision of sense, is revealed to the mind's eye as soul.

The *Amphitryon* of Plautus, writes Mr. Hare, differs from all the other Roman Comedies in having a mythological subject, which occasions essential differences in its treatment. *Amphitryon*, that is the person who provides the feast (whether master of the house or not), is the *real host*. The tale is that Jupiter assumed the likeness of *Amphitryon*, and gave a banquet; but *Amphitryon* himself came home, and claimed the honour of being master of the house. As far as the servants and guests were concerned, the dispute was soon decided—he who gave the feast was to them the host. (*Guesses at Truth*).

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.—*Sonnet 47.*

Therefore are feasts so seldom and so rare.—*Ib.* 52.

Apuleius tells us that "Many mortal men come to see fair Psyche the glory of her age. They did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her, *but as on a picture.*" (*Cupid and Psyche*).

This is very applicable to the art, called Shakespeare's. For at present this art resembles Ovid's House of Sleep, or Psyche's Palace,

So may the outward shows be least themselves
The world is still deceived by ornament.

(Act III. sc. 2—*Mer. Ven.*).

The "*truth and reality*" of this art, lies within, in its depth, or third dimension, and not upon the surface,—

"For how many Englishmen understand Shakespeare? *To judge from what has been written about him, the Englishmen who understand Shakespeare, are little more numerous than those who understand the language spoken in paradise.*" (*Guesses at Truth*, p. 190).

One of the most common of modern objections, to the theory that Bacon wrote the plays (known by the name of Shakespeare), is *that he did not acknowledge them*. The idea of an author voluntarily renouncing his own creations, and allowing another to enjoy the fruits of [his labours, and the glory of another's intellect seems incredible, and altogether repugnant to the practical spirit of this age, which can neither understand the reason of the sacrifice, or the object attained by the oblation. Nevertheless the thing,—if we may abruptly so term it,—is ancient, and has many more examples than the world wots of. I therefore think, the best answer that can be given to such objections, is to point out how, Bacon in nowise was the first to remain silent with regard to his own claims to authorship.—For Lucius Annæus Seneca, with whom Bacon compares himself in point of Fortune,*—

* It is striking to find Bacon speaking of his own *silence* thus :—"I had forgotten in this *compend of Arts*, to insert the *Art of Silence*; which notwithstanding (because it is deficient) *I will teach by my own example*. Cicero makes mention not only of an Art, but of a kind of eloquence found in silence. For after he had commemorated, in an epistle to Atticus, many conferences which had interchangeably past between him and another, he writeth thus :—'In this place I have borrowed somewhat from your eloquence, *for I have held my peace.*' And Pindar to whom it is peculiar suddenly to strike, as it were with a divine sceptre. the minds of men, by rare short sentences, darts forth some such saying as this, *Int rdum magis afficiunt non dicta quam dicta*, therefore I have resolved in this part to be

was also silent concerning the authorship of the ten tragedies ascribed to his name! I will cite the following passage, to illustrate that the authorship of these tragedies has been disputed by the Ancients:—

“On this matter however there is much dispute, some declaring these ten tragedies to be the composition of five, or six, *Senecas*. One of the arguments against the authorship is drawn from Seneca’s own silence, or respecting any poetry of his whatever, is but negative, and is nullified by Tacitus who distinctly asserts him to have written verses ever since Nero had taken to read them.” [*Seneca (Annals xiv. 52.) Penny Cyclopædia*].

It will be seen from this passage that Seneca put forth no claim to these tragedies, but remained silent, and the same question might be asked, as is so frequently applied to Bacon’s case:—“Why did he not acknowledge them?”

Another example of concealed authorship amongst Roman writers of Tragedy, is that of *Caius Asinius Pollio*, “who was a poet, an orator, and an historian, and his poetry, and more especially his tragedies, if we can trust the suspicious testimony of Virgil (*Eclogue iii. 86; viii. 10*), and Horace (*Carm. ii. l. 9—12; Satire i. 10, 42*), were far above the common standard” (*Cyclopædia*).

Here then is another suspicious case, which holds our attention, and compels our belief, since the evidence is endorsed by two such inward and intimate friends of Pollio, as Virgil and Horace.

In the case of Seneca, it is very likely, that the cause of his death, at the hands of Nero, was not a little due to the envy, which his dramatic, and poetic, talents aroused, in the inordinately vain Emperor, who had been his pupil. Nero, in addition to his fiddling propensities, thought fit to pose as a poet.

Bacon writes:—“They, that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity, and vain glory, are ever *envious*. For they cannot want work, it being impossible, but many in some one of those things should surpass them, which was the character of Adrian, the Emperor, that mortally envied Poets and Painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.” (*Essay. Envy*).

silent, or which is next to silence, to be very brief.”—(Chap. I., Liber. VIII. *Advancement of Learning*, p. 366, 1640).

Observe that a book, which is generally considered a work upon science and philosophy, is called by Bacon a “*Compend of Arts*,” i.e., something condensed and compact.

Probably, the dramatic talent, as prominently presenting itself for public applause, and private approbation, is more calculated to arouse envy in rivals, than almost any other art! Therefore the reflective mind must at once concede, that anonymous authorship may sometimes have been adopted in dangerous times, as means to safety, and as a screen against enemies?

Bacon's style resembles that of Heraclitus, who was called the *obscure* (σκοτεινός), for he *hinted*, rather than explained things. In the synoptic (platform) table, prefixed to the *De Augmentis*, (first English edition, translated by Gilbert Wats), we are told, that the first book of the *Advancement* is preparative,—the other (eight books) *acroamatic*, which means cryptic, or veiled.

The putting forth of Plays *in another's name* (that is, concealing the real authorship), is very ancient. Aristoxenus the musician says (they are the words of Diogenes Laertius); "*That Heraclides made tragedies and put the names of Thespis to them.*"

"This Heraclides was a scholar of Aristotle, and so was Aristoxenus, too, so that one may build on this piece of history as undeniable" (*Bentley's Phalaris*).

The Greek word τραγωδιὰ, was used metaphorically by Philo and Lucian, to signify both *riches and splendour, magnificence and pomp*.

Gorgeous tragedy
In sceptered pall comes sweeping by.

"When tragedy was propagated from Athens into the courts of princes, the splendour of the tragic chorus was extremely magnificent, and gave rise to the metaphor of τραγωδιὰ for sumptuousness. Then the show of Plays was so very gaudy, that few minded the words of them." Bacon is quite aware of all this: "But yet since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegance than daubed with cost." (*Masques and Triumphs. Essays*).

The ancient poets, Thespis and Cratinus, were called Ὀρχηστικώτερα (Dancers) because they were common dancing maskers. Aristotle says:—"That tragedy in its infancy was more taken up with dances than afterwards." "*Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure*;" writes Bacon (in his *Essay upon Masques and Triumphs*), showing he was well acquainted with the origins of the stage. Comedy and tragedy, was at first, "nothing but a song," "performed by a

chorus, dancing to a pipe," says Aristotle. Both tragedy and comedy were at first extempore. Maximus Tyrius tells us: "That the ancient Plays at Athens were nothing, but choruses of boys and men, the husbandmen in their several parishes, singing extemporal song." "Acting in song, especially in dialogues, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting, not dancing (for that is a mean and vulgar thing); and the voices of the dialogue would be strong and manly (a bass, and a tenor; no treble) and the ditty high and tragical, not nice, or dainty. Several choirs placed one against another, and taking the voice by catches anthemwise, give great pleasure." (*Essays. Masques and Triumphs*).

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

EDMUND "SPENSER'S" POEMS.

THE article under this title in the last number of *BACONIANA* moots the question, whether Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen," and other poems which bear his name, or if perchance Francis Bacon was the real author. The onus of proof lies on those who question a traditional authorship. It is proposed to consider, whether that onus has been in any degree satisfied, and to state the evidence in favour of Edmund Spenser's claim.

It may first be observed that Edmund Spenser's birth and education were in no way inconsistent with his reputed authorship. Although his father was probably "a free journeyman in the art or mystery of clothmaking," the poet claimed to be of good family, "an house of ancient name." The article under review airily suggests Bacon or St. Albans as the family name! but, in fact, the name was Spenser; for the poet's claim of kinship was with the noble daughters of Sir John Spenser, whom in "Colin Clout" he styled as

"The sisters three,
The honour of the noble family,
Of which I meanest boast myself to be."

The relationship appears to have been acknowledged, since each of the three sisters, Elizabeth Lady Carey, Alice Lady Strange, and Ann, successively Lady Monteagle, Lady Compton, and Countess of Dorset accepted the dedication of a poem in her honour, and the Countess of Dorset erected

the monument in Westminster Abbey to the poet's memory after his death. These facts at least establish that Edmund Spenser was no mere sham, but was a real poet.

Edmund Spenser entered Merchant Taylor's School in 1561, and in 1569 proceeded to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, "my mother Cambridge," he calls her. He left Cambridge about 1577, after taking the B.A. and M.A. degrees.

In 1580, a correspondence, important to the present enquiry, was published. It consists of five letters, dated in 1579 and 1580, three written by Gabriel Harvey, who was lecturer at Cambridge from 1570 to 1585; the other two, attributed to Spenser, were signed "Immerito." The "Shepherd's Calendar" was published under the same name "Immerito," in December, 1579, and was dedicated to Spenser's friend and patron, Sir Philip Sidney. The principal character in the "Shepherd's Calendar" is "Colin Clout;" which in the preface is said to be "the name under which this poet shadoweth himself." "Immerito" and "Colin Clout" are, therefore, the same person. But "'Colin Clout' is Spenser's avowed designation in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," written in 1591, and published in 1595. "Immerito" does therefore represent Spenser. It is, moreover, admitted that some of the prints of this correspondence bear Spenser's name, and a Latin poem, which accompanies "Immerito's" first letter gives the writer's name as Edmondus. It is therefore sufficiently plain that "Immerito's" letters were written by Edmund Spenser. But, if so, it is equally clear that Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen."

"Immerito's" first letter is dated from Leicester House the 5th October, 1579. The letters consist chiefly of the interchange and criticism of verses English or Latin, in rhyme or in iambics or hexameters, with a discussion of the rules for classic metres laid down by the Areopagus Literary Club, which met at Leicester House. "Immerito" beseeches Harvey, "Let me be answered ere I goe, which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke), the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lord." The Latin poem names France and Italy as his destination.

"Immerito" was therefore in the service of the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney's uncle, and employed on foreign missions; until in July, 1580, Spenser was appointed secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, Leicester's brother-in-law, then going to Ireland as Lord Deputy, and went with him to Ireland.

The importance of these letters consists in the references they contain to the "Fairie Queen."

On 5th October, 1579, "Immerito," that is Spenser, wrote to Harvey, "Now my Dreams and Dying Pelicane being fully finished (as I partely signified in my last letters), and presentlye to be printed, I wil in hande with my Faery Queene, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition, and your frendly letters and long expected judgment withal, whych let it not be shorte, but in all pointes such as you ordinarilye use and I extraordinarylye desire."

Eighteen days later Harvey replied, "In good faith I had once again well nigh forgotten your 'Faerie Queene,' howbeit by good chance I have now sent hir home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found hir. And must you of necessity have my judgment of hir, indeede. To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgment if your nine Comeedies, whereunto in imitation of Herodotus you give the names of the nine Muses (and in one man's fansie, not unworthily), come not neerer Ariostoe's Comeedies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, then that Elvish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters." "If so be the Fairie Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the Garland from Apollo, marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there is an end for this once and fare you well till God or some good Angell putte you in a better minde."

The freedom and originality of the "Fairie Queen" seem to have little pleased the pedantic taste of Gabriel Harvey, who preferred English iambics and hexameters; with regard to which Spenser wrote to him thus on 14th April, 1580:—

"The only or chiefest hardnesse whyche seemeth cometh in the accente, whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ill-favouredly, comming short of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number, as in *carpenter*, the middle sillable being used shorte in speache, when it should be read long in verse, seameth like a lame gosling that draweth one legge after her; and *Heaven* being used shorte as one sillable when it is verse, stretched out with a Diastole is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge."

So Spenser continued the "Faerie Queen" in heroic stanzas, but his nine comedies are forgotten.

These letters are sufficient to establish that Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen," but they do not stand alone, the further

development of the poem by Spenser may be traced at each stage with equal certainty.

Spenser's life in Ireland proved wholly uncongenial. The gift to him six years later of Kilcolman House and lands did not reconcile him to his banishment, which in his poems he bitterly deplored.

He twice re-visited England in 1589-90, and in 1596, before his final return in 1598, and strove in vain to obtain other employment. His dreary life in Ireland and vain suit for relief were perhaps the grounds of the complaint he cherished against the Earl of Leicester. In Ireland he devoted his leisure to the completion of the "*Faerie Queen*." Among his friends in Ireland was Ludovick Bryskett, clerk to the Irish Council, who had a cottage near Dublin, where a circle of literary friends were wont to meet. Bryskett, in the introduction to a book published by him in 1601, describes a three days' visit paid him there by Spenser in 1583.

Spenser, being then asked to discuss moral philosophy, replied that he had already dealt with the matter in heroic verse, under the title of the "*Faerie Queen*." In it Spenser said he "wished to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight to be a patron or defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of armes and chivalry the operations of that virtue whereof he is the protector are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same to be beaten down and overcome."

This again is certain evidence of the authorship of the poem.

In 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited Spenser at Kilcolman and persuaded him to return with him to London to publish the "*Faerie Queen*" and seek the favour and patronage of Elizabeth. After his return to Ireland, in 1590, Spenser wrote "*Colin Clout's Come Home Again*," dated "from my house of Kilcolman, 27th Deceniber, 1591," and which he published in 1595, with a dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh. In this pastoral poem Colin Clout describes to his fellow-shepherds the incidents of his travels. Sir Walter Raleigh is styled the "*Shepherd of the Ocean*," who, when visiting Colin Clout,

"'Gan to cast great liking to my lore
And great disliking to my luckless lot,
That banish'd had myself, like wight forlore,
Into that waste where I was quite forgot.

The which to leave henceforth he counselled me,
 Unmeet for man wherein was aught regardful,
 And wend with him his Cynthia to see
 Whose grace was great and bounty most rewardful."

After describing their voyage, Colin Clout proceeds :—

"Forth on our voyage we by land did passe
 (Quoth he) as that same shepheard still me guided.
 Until that we to Cynthia's presence came,
 Whose glorie greater than my simple thought,
 I found much greater than the former fame,
 The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to my oaten pipe enclined her eare,
 That she thenceforth therein 'gan take delight,
 And it desired at timely times to heare."

On 1st December, 1589, Spenser's London publisher (Ponsonby) obtained license for the publication of "The Faerie Queen dysposed in xij. Bookes," and the first three books were published in January, 1590.

Cynthia, the Queen, accepted the dedication of the poem, "To the Most Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth." There were prefixed to the poem a prefatory letter to Raleigh, verses by six of Spenser's friends, including Raleigh, and seventeen sonnets addressed by Spenser to Sir Christopher Hatton, the Earl of Essex, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Burleigh, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other great officers of State and Court ladies.

In February, 1590, Elizabeth rewarded the poet by a pension of £50 a year. No clearer proof that Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen" can be imagined. Is it necessary to point out the absurdity of supposing that the dedication of the "Faerie Queen" to Elizabeth was in a false name, and that the pension was obtained by fraud, and this without a grain of evidence to support the hypothesis? Nay, the six verse writers, and the seventeen statesmen and great ladies to whom the sonnets were addressed, are so many good witnesses that Edmund Spenser was the undoubted author of the "Faerie Queen."

Notwithstanding the honourable reception in England of himself and his great poem, Spenser failed to obtain a happier post, and returned to Ireland in 1590, exclaiming:—

"What hell it is in suing long to bide!"

A volume of minor poems was published in December, 1590; another volume, containing sonnets, "Amoretti and the Epithalamium," in 1594.

In Sonnet No. 33, Spenser laments the non-completion of the "Faerie Queen."

"Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empress my dear dread
Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
That mote enlarge her living praises dead."

In 1595 were published "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," and elegies on Sir Philip Sidney.

At the close of the same year, 1595, Spenser having completed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the "Faerie Queen," brought them himself to London, where they were published by Ponsonby in January 1596. Spenser appears to have remained in England until 1597. In September 1596, he dated from Greenwich, four hymns in honour of Love and Beauty, dedicated to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick. In November 1596, the Earl of Worcester's two daughters were married in London, in whose honour Spenser wrote the "Prothalamium."

Early in 1597:

"In discontent of my long fruitless stay,
In princes' Court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,"

Spenser returned for the last time to Ireland.

In October, 1598, Tyrone's rebellion broke out in Ireland; Spenser's house, Kilcolman, was burned by the rebels, and he was forced to fly with his wife and children to Cork, whence he was sent to England with dispatches in December.

On the 16th January, 1598-9, Edmund Spenser died in his lodgings at Westminster, and, according to Ben Jonson's account, reported by Drummond, of Hawthornden, in distressful circumstances, but the accuracy of this report is doubted.

He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, at the cost of the Earl of Essex, and the Countess of Dorset afterwards erected his monument there, on which he is described as "Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe other witnesse than the workes he has left behind him."

In 1609, the six books of the "Faerie Queen," with two

additional books, which Spenser had completed, but had not published, were issued in folio. In 1611, Edmund Spenser's whole works were published in folio.

The history of the "Faerie Queen" has now been traced out from its commencement through its successive stages: from the submitting of the first draft by Spenser to Gabriel Harvey's criticism, and the explanation by Spenser of the design of the poem at Bryskett's cottage, to the publication by Spenser of the first part under Elizabeth's patronage and acclaimed by a troop of friends; and the successive publication by Spenser, or in his name, of the second and third parts, and to the poet's honoured burial in Poet's Corner, and to the eulogy on his tomb.

No *fact* has been adduced controverting or casting suspicion upon Spenser's authorship. Without doubt, therefore, Edmund Spenser was the true author of the "Faerie Queen," and, consequently, of the other poems which bear his name.

G. C. BOMPAS.

February, 1901.

THE BILITERAL CIPHER OF FRANCIS BACON.

TO thousands who tread unthinkingly the earth's fair surface, the mineral constitution of the globe, or the history of its formation, is as a sealed book. The geologist, however, pointing out the parallel lines in a rock will tell us they indicate the glacial period. From a piece of coal he will describe the forests and plant life which formed the coal measures of the carboniferous era. He finds where volcanic action reveals strata from unknown depths, and reads their history like a printed page.

In architecture, the ages stamped, each its own, peculiarities upon column and temple, and the student of that science will declare the date of the ruins which accident or excavation have brought to view.

We see a tapering obelisk inscribed with hieroglyphics, and say, this is Egyptian. The eye educated to discriminate will study the writings upon the stone that has been preserved from remote ages, and will say, this is the hieroglyphic proper; this ideographic; this the phonetic, or of this or that peculiar character, this is the Egyptian Hieratic; this the Phœnician;

these the Cuneiform characters of the ancient Persian or Assyrian inscriptions, and few will challenge the correctness of the decipherings.

The *savant* will tell us that the environment, the nationality and personality are unmistakably impressed upon the literature of every country, mark the times and character of its people and the stage of its progress. Year by year, decade by decade, age by age, time passed and wrought its changes until that period was reached in which the English people of the present day are interested because of the discussion which it has aroused—the latter part of the XVI and beginning of the XVII Centuries. Knighthood had passed its flower, but the English Court still loved the tales of knightly deeds and found delight in the fancies of the “Shepherd’s Calendar” and “Faerie Queene.” Legitimate drama began to develop, replacing masques and mysteries. History was written and its lessons emphasised by dramatic representations. Essays brought the truth “home to men’s bosom’s and business,” and experimental science made clear that “there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

This was the age when Francis Bacon lived and wrote, and fantasy, and essay, and drama began to appear, at first anonymously, and then under names of men as authors, whose lives, habits and capabilities presented the most incongruous contrasts to the works produced. They were days of peril and secret intrigue, when the words from the lips of the Courtier were often farthest removed from the thought of the brain, and when all secret communications were committed to cipher.

Of all the weighty secrets of that time, none save the Queen of England herself bore any more momentous than that prolific author. So momentous were they that few traces of their import found place upon the public records in connected or intelligent form, and were supposed to have died with those most intimately connected with them.

Bacon placed in his “De Augmentis Scientiarum” the key to a simple but most useful Cipher of his own invention, and we now find that through its instrumentality the secrets so jealously guarded in his lifetime were committed to his works, and waited only the hand and vision of a decipherer to be revealed to the ages which should follow.

Because the writer of this article has for seven years worked upon the Ciphers of Bacon, not as a *dilettante*, but as one who

realized the importance and vastness of the undertaking, urged on by the fascination of a great discovery and a growing interest in the developments of it, the statements made concerning the Biliteral Cipher of Francis Bacon are not "uninspired guesses," nor mere conjecture, but such as come from knowledge gained by the hardest work and closest application, until the eye has been trained to that degree of discrimination by which, like that of the geologist, it is able to make hidden things plain.

In pursuit of the same objects as other students of things Baconian, my own investigations have been in quite a different field, and they have met with most successful, as well as most surprising results, not less surprising to myself than they will be to my readers. I have been glad to submit the results of my years of study for the edification of those interested in the same subject, for they supply missing links in the literature of that era and explain much, if not all, that has been mysterious and difficult of explanation.

The last two numbers of *BACONIANA* have presented varied comments upon the published results of my investigations. Naturally opinions differ, according to the point of view. Although the things discovered and brought to light are those which have been so diligently sought for, and believed to exist by the deepest students, yet the wider field unexpectedly disclosed and the marvellousness of it all, prompt to incredulity.

The objections urged against a belief in the cipher disclosures appear in a variety of forms. The astounding revelations are beyond the dreams of the most ardent believers that Bacon's sphere of action and achievements were far greater than had been acknowledged, and some have gone so far as to think the recent publication of the Biliteral Cipher must have been a romantic creation of my own, the words made to fit the differing forms of the Italic letters in the old books, and written out in imitation of the forms of thought and manner of speech of the old English language, enriched by the vocabulary of the great Francis. To suggest such a thing, with all that it implies, would bring its own refutation.

It is true that the Cipher Story does not in all respects accord, or stop with what has been supposed to be the "facts of history." Authorities do not agree as to what the "facts" were, nor is it believed that all have found place on the records, and historians have found gaps, with deductions and conjectures, some of which have been most extravagant and impossible. Especially does this appear to be true in the

light of the cipher disclosures, and whatever of variation there may be will furnish a profitable field for the investigators, and there is little reason to doubt their ultimate harmony. Ciphers would not be used to hide known facts, and could be useful only in recording those that had been suppressed.

Some have given expression to the thought that the Cipher Story shows a most unpleasant phase of character in Bacon, and a lack of that princely spirit which should have actuated the son of Elizabeth, entitled to the throne, in not trying to possess himself of royal power at any cost. Essex, of a more martial spirit, essayed to seize it, when Francis refused to make open claim to being Prince, in the face of the denials of the Queen,—and Essex was beheaded for the attempt. The murder of two princes of the blood royal by Richard Third; the imprisonment and execution of another, by Henry Seventh; the juggling with all rights by Henry Eighth, were not remote,—quite near enough to chill the blood of the peace-loving student and deter him from making himself sufficiently obnoxious to invite a similar fate. Later, his own account, in the Cipher, of the reasons for not striving to establish himself upon the throne appear quite adequate,—the succession established by law, and quite satisfactory to the people,—“our witnesses dead, our certificates destroyed,” etc. (pages 33, 38, 47, 201, and other references). He submitted to the inevitable as did Prince Napoleon, and as others have done in our own time,—for “what will not a man yield up for his life.”

Whether or not Bacon has “told the truth” in the Cipher, is not in the province of the decipherer to discuss. She can only disclose what she finds unfolded. As to “slandering the Queen” in the statements which the Cipher records,—if so, Bacon would not be alone, for the old MSS, and as reliable and recent an authority as the National Dictionary of Biography admit the motherhood of Elizabeth, though they do not give the names of the offspring. This is supplied by the Cipher, written by the one person most likely to know. If the Cipher exists, and we *know* that it does, there must be some more reasonable theory for its being written into so many published books for more than fifty years, than for the purpose of slander or falsification. The peril of its discovery in the early day of its infolding would be enhanced by its being a slander, and the head would have “stood tickle on the shoulders” of anyone guilty of so causeless a crime.

Francis would have been more “lunatic” for risking such

matter in cipher, if not true, than "coward" for not daring openly to proclaim the truth which was being so carefully suppressed.

Many inquiries have reached me, asking, "How is the Cipher worked?" and expressing disappointment that the inquirer had been unable to grasp the system or its application. It would be difficult to teach Greek or Sanscrit in a few written lines, or to learn it by a few hours study. It is equally so with the Cipher. Deciphering the Biliteral Cipher, as it appears in Bacon's works, will be impossible to those who are not possessed of an eyesight of the keenest, and perfect accuracy of vision in distinguishing minute differences in form, lines, angles and curves in the printed letters. Other things absolutely essential are unlimited time and patience, persistency and aptitude, love for overcoming puzzling difficulties and, I sometimes think, *inspiration*. As not every one can be a poet, an artist, an astronomer, or adept in other branches requiring special aptitude, so, and for the same reasons, not everyone will be able to master the intricacies of the Cipher, for in many ways it is most intricate and puzzling, —not in the system itself, but in its use in the books. "It must not be made too plain lest it be discovered too quickly, nor hid too deep, lest it never see the light of day," is the substance of the inventor's thought many times repeated in the work.

The system has been recognised, and used, since the day that "De Augmentis" was published, and has had its place in every translation and publication since, but the ages have waited to learn that it was embedded in the original books themselves from the date of his earliest writings (1579 as now known) and infolded his secret personal history. To disbelieve the Cipher because not "every one" can decipher it, would be as great a mistake as it would be to say that the translations of the character writing and hieroglyphics of older times, which have been deciphered, were without foundation or significance, because we could not ourselves master them in a few hours of inefficient trial. I would repeat, Ciphers are used to hide things, not to make them plain.

The different editions of the same work form each a separate study and tell a different Cipher Story. The two editions of "De Augmentis" form an illustration. The first, or "London" edition, was issued, according to Spedding, in October, 1623. The next, or "Paris" edition, was issued in 1624.

They differ in the Italic printing, and some errors in the second do not occur in the first. The 1624 edition has been deciphered; and the hidden story appears in the "Biliteral Cipher" (page 310). The 1623 edition has not, as yet, been deciphered. It seems to be a rare edition. I found a copy in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian library at Oxford, two in Cambridge, and one in the choice collection of old books in the library of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence.

In the course of my work, Marlowe's "Edward Second" had been deciphered before "De Augmentis" was taken up. At the end of "Edward Second" occurs this "veiled" statement referring to "De Augmentis" (page 152, Biliteral Cipher): ". . . The story it contains (our twelfth king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way) shall now know the day . . ." Had Francis succeeded to the throne, he would have been the twelfth king (omitting the queens) after Edward Second, hence the inference that "De Augmentis" would contain much of his personal history. My disappointment was great when instead of this the hidden matter was found to be the "Argument of the Odyssey," something not anticipated or wanted, and would never have been the result of my own choice or imagination. At the close of the deciphered work in Burton's "Anatomy," in which the "Argument of the Iliad" was most unexpectedly found—another great disappointment—is this "veiled" statement (page 309): ". . . While a Latin work—'De Augmentis'—will give aid upon the other (meaning the 'Odyssey'). As in this work (meaning the 'Iliad') favourite parts are enlarged (in blank verse), yet as it lendeth ayde . . .," *i.e.*, sets a pattern for the writing out of the 'Odyssey' in the Word Cipher. This explained the 1624 edition, and the inference is that the 1623 edition will disclose the personal history referred to on page 152.

In the 1624 edition there are some errors in the illustration of the Cipher methods and in the "Cicero Epistle" which do not occur in the 1623 edition. The Latin words midway on page 282, "qui pauci sunt" in the 1623 edition, are "qui parati sunt" in the 1624, page 309—an error referred to on page 10 of the Introduction of the Biliteral Cipher as wrong termination, there being too many letters for the group, and one letter must be omitted. Other variations show errors in making up the forms on pages 307 and 308 in the 1624 edition; whether purposely for confusion or otherwise, it is impossible to tell. The line on page 307,

"Exemplum Alphabeti Biformis,"

should be placed above the Bi-formed Alphabet on page 308, while

"Exemplum Accommodationis"

should be placed above the example of the adaptation just preceding. The repetition of twelve letters of the Bi-formed Alphabet could hardly be called a printer's error, as they are of another form, unlike those on the preceding page, and may be taken as an example of the statement that "any two forms will do." In these illustrations the letters seem to be drawn with a pen and are a mixture of script and peculiar forms, and unlike any in the regular fonts of type used in the printed matter. No part of the Cipher Story is embodied in the script or pen-letters on these pages. Whether or not the changing of the lines was done purposely, the grouping of the italic letters from the regular fonts is consecutive as *the printed lines stand*, the wrong make-up causing no break in the connected narration.

There are many "veiled" statements throughout the Biliteral Cipher such as are noted in "Edward Second" and in "Burton." To the decipherer they have a meaning, indicating what to look for and where to find that which is necessary for correct and completed work, as well as to guard against errors and incorrect translation.

My researches among the old books in the British Museum during the past season have borne rich fruit, for there were found the earlier Cipher writings. "Shepherd's Calendar," which appeared anonymously in 1579, contains the first, and discloses the signification of the mysterious initials "E. K." and the identity of this person with the author of the work. The Cipher narrative begins thus:—

"E. K. will be found to be nothing less than the letters signifying the future sovereign, or *England's King*. . . . In the event of death of Her Ma., who bore in honorable wedlock Robert, now known as sonne to Walter Devereaux, as well as him who now speaketh to the unknown aidant decypherer, . . . we, the eldest borne should by Divine right of a law of God, and made binding on man, inherit scepter and throne. . . . We devised two Cyphers, now used for the first time, for this said history, as safe, clear, and undecipherable, whilst containing the keys in each which open the most important. . . . Till a decypherer find a prepared or readily discovered alphabet, it seemeth to us almost

impossible, save by Divine gift and heavenly instinct, that he should be able to read what is thus revealed."

Following "Shepherd's Calendar," the works between 1579 and 1590, so far deciphered (but as yet unpublished) are:—

"Arraignement of Paris," 1584.

"Mirrour of Modestie," 1584.

"Planetomachie," 1585.

"Treatise of Melancholy," 1586. Two editions of this were issued the same year, with differing italics. The first ends with an incomplete Cipher Word, which is completed in the second for the continued narration, thus making evident which was first published, unless they were published at the same time.

"Euphues," 1587; "Morando," 1587. These two also join together, with an incomplete word at the end of the first finding its completion in the commencement of the Cipher in the second.

"Perimedes the Blacke-smith," 1588; "Pandosto," 1588. These two also join together.

"Spanish Masquerado," 1589. Two editions of this work bear date the same year, but have different italicising. In one edition the Cipher Story is complete, closing with the signature, "Fr. Prince." In the other the story is not complete, the book ending with an incomplete Cipher Word, the remainder of which will be found in some work of near that date which has not yet been indicated and deciphered.

These, while not all the works in which the Cipher will be found between the years 1579 and 1590, unmistakably connect the earlier writings with those of later date than 1590, which have been deciphered—as published in the Biliteral Cipher—so that we now know that the Cipher writings were being continuously infolded in Bacon's works, from the first to the last of his literary productions.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

FRANCIS SAINT ALBAN, POET AND DRAMATIST.

IF a man can be partaker of God's Theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. (*Essay of Great Place*).

Men must know that in this Theatre of men's lives it is reserved for God and angels to be lookers on. (*Advancement of Learning*).

THE ordinary individual knows little or nothing of Bacon. One hears on all sides, "Where can I read something about him, something short and not too deep? I feel so vague on the subject."

If more is known it is generally false information gathered from unreliable sources, so that one of the greatest of mankind comes to be looked upon as a personage hardly worthy of attention.

Happily of late there are signs of a better spirit dawning, and the wish of the general public to become better acquainted with our poet and sage must not be permitted to remain unsatisfied. Sir Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Albans, or Fra. Saint Alban, as he signs himself in his letters, Francis St. Alban, Poet and Dramatist, as I shall here speak of him, was one of the most attractive and picturesque figures which crowded the stage of God's theatre in what all must allow was one of the most fascinating periods of "England's story." And now, though our poet warns us in a letter to Essex against judging "of a Play by the first act," let us look on a picture which rises through the mists of long ago and see what it has to teach us. For background we have the venerable walls of York Place or Palace, grey and hoary, embossomed in sunny gardens and adorned with Holbein's fine gate, and the fresher masonry of the learned Cardinal, whom William Shakespeare has made so real to us. "You must no more call it York Place, that is past; for since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost; 'tis now the King's, and called Whitehall." (*Henry VIII.* iv. 1).

Since Wolsey's fall a royal, not an ecclesiastical, Palace, Whitehall, in Elizabeth's reign, is the scene of regal splendour. Green lawns and gardens extend to Fulham; water-gates and stairs face the sparkling river on whose tranquil bosom float gay barges ready to make holiday to royal Sheen and Windsor; steeds, coaches, and marvellous trappings wait the Queen's pleasure in the palace courtyard, where in the 20th century motor cars, trams, and omnibuses will ply. "Silly-

bubs" at Canonbury Manor, and perfumed lanes and fields in Highgate and Hampstead invite a near and pleasant royal progress, while further afield lies Gorhambury, the country home of the Lord Keeper whom Elizabeth honours with her confidence and patronage; and Mortlake, too, where mystic Dr. John Dee, with his magic crystal is always ready to prescribe for a royal toothache, or choose the fortunate day for some important public function. King Hal's cock-pit and tennis-court stretch where in later times a Treasury and other State Offices will stand, when the well-shorn Tudor bowling-green, level and smooth, too, will vanish and make room for more utilitarian bricks and mortar. "Play with your fancies," and enter an upper Privy Chamber, in York Place, where the Queen sits with her lute, a beautiful child at her knee. Her jewelled hand toys with the silky curls that fall back from the wide brow as she neglects her instrument and asks the question that echoes as far as this through the din of centuries, "How old are you, my child?" Darting a swift glance from his bright hazel eye, quick as thought the boy answers: "Just two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign."

Thus early was Francis admitted to familiar intercourse with Elizabeth, who all her life long showed him tender and true affection, varied, as was perhaps natural, by Boleyn whims, cranks, and tempers. As, at twenty-five, in all the strength of her imperious will and extraordinary intellect, she loved to elicit the quaint wit and precocious poetical imaginations of her little Lord Keeper of ten, so in her maturity and age she enjoyed to the full the "quips" and "conceits" of her versatile Counsel, learned in the law, her steadfast, vigilant "watch-candle," as she with her love of nick-names, called her trusty servant "Beacon."

What personal sacrifices he made to protect her honour and uphold her throne only future history may tell. We know he served her truly to the end. The noble, high-spirited boy, who called Sir Nicholas Bacon father, was baptised, as we learn, in Saint Martin's Church. But where was he born? and when? January 22, 1561, as we believe, in York House. "What?" says the uninitiated. "In the Virgin Queen's Palace? Or at best in the Palace of the Queen, whom contemporaneous tradition whispers, was legally contracted in wedlock, to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester? * Why! then, can the child . . . ?" Stay! not so fast. Two houses,

* National Biography *Robert Dudley*.

both belonging to the Crown bore the name of York, and stood side by side, both the residence, at one time, of the Archbishops of York, from whom they took their name. Reached by a lane and a field, the smaller York House, with its turrets and towers and picturesque buildings stood, too, on the river-side, and also boasted of shady gardens and green lawns. Sir Nicholas Bacon, as Keeper of the Great Seal, lived there. Here, too, Francis was nurtured under the tender, wise care of the Lady Anne Bacon, a very highly-cultured, practical, loving, if somewhat Puritanical woman, who did her best to wean her boys, Francis and Anthony, from the too insidious attractions of stage-plays and theatres. But this even her strong protective love was unable to accomplish. Perhaps posterity is not inclined on the whole to quarrel with the fate that doomed poor Lady Anne to complete failure where the brothers and the drama were concerned.

But now let us look on him once again before we leave Francis, the boy, for good and all. What do we see but a dreamy, poetical child, playing with pigeons on the lawn, listening to the echoes in Saint James' ? The eyewitness of political and other State prisoners on their way from Westminster to the Tower. For the gardens, where he played, overlooked the river; and when nobles fell like other men under the Queen's displeasure, they, too, went to the block. The Queen's smile and frown were the sunshine and cloud of his early days. Sir Nicholas Bacon himself was a prisoner in the Tower when Francis was but four, because Leicester feared and accused him, but he proved his innocence and regained his liberty. At eleven, when the stiff Elizabethan ruff began to chafe the lad's slim neck and darker curls clustered about his well-developed head, a sinister barge took its way past the stairs of York House. From his cradle he trod historic ground, played with the Mace and Seals under the same fretted roof where King Hal led fair Anne Boleyn to the dance, disguised and masked, where Wolsey rose and fell, triumphed and suffered, and taking his part in history, he watched the passing boat that carried pale Norfolk to his doom, the grisly headsman in front with his axe's sharp edge turned towards that guilty Peer. High treason had but one end in those days, unless a very particular lucky star like that under which Robert Dudley was born, diverted the course of events. A mind like Francis's pondered over and remembered scenes like this.

When Francis was twelve, and Anthony, his "comforte consort," was fourteen, Lady Anne committed them to the care of Whitgift, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the injunction to birch them if necessary. Though the rod does not seem to have been required to spur on their studies, the delicate brothers were dosed plentifully with physic, and dainty meats were fetched for them from the Dolphin Inn. The bill for the meats are a conspicuous item in the college accounts. Plays presented in college while the Bacons were there, included, it is said, two in the possession of Mr. Douce, who has left his collection of MSS. relating to Shakespeare to the British Museum. The sight of these papers is still denied to the reader, though the day is long past and over on which the trustees opened and inspected them. So mote it be. A strange mystery surrounds most bequests of this particular kind. After an academical three years, Francis left Cambridge, bitterly complaining of its barren and unfruitful system.

At sixteen our poet was already a profound thinker and scholar. Leicester and the Queen apparently found it now convenient to send him under the wing of Sir Amyas Paulet and his reliable wife to France, where now the gay Court, and now the secluded college cloisters of Poitiers, were the scene of his studies. What the embassies were that this very young diplomatist was engaged in while visiting Henry III.'s Court, we do not hear. About this time Anthony visits Italy; whether Francis goes or not is not told us, we only hear of him travelling with the Court to Blois, Poitiers, and Tours. But Anthony's friend, *Montaigne*, visits Italy and Germany. Venice proving less acceptable to him than he hoped by reason of its evil smells. *Montaigne* and Francis are birds of a feather, possibly one bird of the very same identical feather as many Baconians think.

And now to trace the influence of our poet's surroundings on his mind and imagination. Kingly splendours, regal magnificence, steeped his senses from childhood to age. He breathed from infancy the perfumed air of Courts. But neither the blaze of the throne-room or audience chamber, nor yet the close companionship of prince and statesman, prelate, divine, ambassador, courtier of high degree, nor the parts he himself took in Royal balls and banquets, masques and revels at the gayest Courts in the gayest Capitals, would have sealed him an Orpheus or an Apollo had he not been endowed by Nature with her divinest gift. But being be-

loved of the Muses, these things acted strongly on his sensitive spirit; as the spark falling on the tinder ignites, so sprang up the sacred flame within him, and the "hopeful, bashful, amiable boy of sixteen" became the immortal poet who by the magic of his genius made the men, the women, the things he heard and saw, live again for us. We have a picture of him at that time by Hilliard, who wrote upon the margin of his picture, "If but a canvas I could find whereon to limn as well his mind."

Good Sir Nicholas Bacon's death, which took place at this time and of which Francis had a sad premonitory dream, brought him back to England, where he now found himself a penniless Ancient, or Student, obliged to work away at dry law, if he was to make a career for himself and attain, as Sir Nicholas hoped, to his own high position of Lord Chancellor.

The Bacon sons were all provided for; Francis alone was left to the clemency of his Sovereign, inheriting later, it is true, the estate of Gorhambury through the death of his dearly-loved Anthony. Zelwood in Somersetshire, Twickenham Park, and the living of Charlton Kings in the Cotteswold valley, near the spot where his learned namesake, Fryer Bacon, studied and lived were gifts from the Queen, and these brought him some compensation; but as far as paternal consideration went, the late Lord Chancellor seems to have shown Francis little or none by his will.

Jusserand in his "Shakespeare in France" tells us he was not known there till long after his own time, while Sir Francis Bacon was held as England's poet. It is to the briefless barrister of Gray's Inn, with plenty of time on his hands, that is assigned the first sketch of the *Taming of the Shrew* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the accurate and careful details of which render it almost impossible that their author should not have visited Italy. Money troubles next mar the tenour of his way, and a blood-sucking usurer gives him the model for Shylock. "Usurers," he says feelingly later in his Essay, "should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize." It must have been on the Continent he saw such, for Jews in England at that time were not tolerated. In answer to the question, "What other confirmation we have that Francis was a poet?" we answer, A curious book printed in 1645, with a title-page as follows :

THE GREAT ASSISES

Holden in Parnassus

by

APOLLO

And His Assesours.

Apollo the Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus.

Shakespeare is placed last but one among the jurors, who are suspected of all being masks for our poet's wit.

Again, we have Aubrey's authority : " His lordship was a good poet, but conceal'd, as appears by his letters." If we want proof of this, we have only to turn to his letter written to Mr. Davis, King James' Attorney-General. " I commend myself to your love and the well-using of my name, as well in repressing and answering for me, if there be any biting or nibbling at it in that place, as by imprinting a good conceit and opinion of me," etc., etc. The letter continues in the same strain, finishing with : " So, desiring you to be good to *concealed poets*, I continue . . ." The two pregnant words being in italics.

His prose works read like a poem. Take the very words that head this paper : did not the heart of a dramatist imagine them ? Did not the bull of a poet pen them ? Allusions to the stage, similes gathered from the play-house, abound in his acknowledged works. Whatever Francis was, or was not, his thoughts ran in the grooves of both a poet and a dramatist. The question naturally follows, Why should he take every means in his power to veil the fact that he wrote Plays of which he might be justly proud, and permit them to be published to the world as the work of another ?

The grave Queen's Counsel (the first who bore the title), the reverent Bench of Gray's Inn, the barrister eventually to be raised to the Woolsack, the protégé of the Queen, the defender of her interests political and private, the advancer of learning, had another part to play in the world than that of dramatic author, coaching " lewd fellows " in such parts as Bottom, a weaver, and False-staff, a drunken reveller, for the amusement of the groundlings of a tavern stage. It was not consistent with his high social position, or with the great career offered him by the legal world.

To associate with actors was to lose caste with the upper ten, to be a writer of stage-plays was to take rank with

roysterers and vagabonds. If our poet was to restore something of its old classical dignity to the Drama he must work in secret, and reform the Thespian art by stealth. It was, after all, but a step then from Royal favour to Tower Hill, and politics mingled freely but dangerously amongst other matter in speeches spouted at the Globe and the Fortune. It is because this was the case that I am inclined to wonder whether all the Plays generally assigned to William Shakespeare at the time of their production were then really honestly held to be written by him? If so, one wonders how it was he escaped with a whole skin? There was yet another potent reason why our poet masked his identity. Cheap popularity, the fame of the man rather than of the work, was what he feared. "I do not desire," says our dramatist, "to stage myself nor my pretensions." "Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring." True fame, according to his fancy, is won by virtue alone, and he will not stoop to gain popular applause by owning work which has a far deeper and wider significance than could be properly understood by the average audience of his day. His *Essay of Great Place* throws a light on his views of fame:—"Augustus Cæsar, when he died, desired his friends to give him a plaudite, as if he were conscious to himself that he had played his part well upon the stage," while on the other hand Francis Bacon in his will asked that he might be buried obscurely Architects of old frequently concealed their names when building their Gothic cathedrals. The mystic brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, of whom Francis St. Alban was one, held it as one of their principles and rules to produce work under other names than their own. The creator of a new art himself, he describes the penalty such a one necessarily brings upon himself. He will, he writes, be called an Apollo, will be placed amongst the gods, and worshipped. It is through "crannies" such as these that, if we are keen-eyed enough, we shall "see great objects." "Remember, lookers-on," he says, "see more than gamesters," and "the vale best discovereth the hill," And yet once more: "Mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover the small."

And now look with me upon another picture. This time it is the year 1600, and the scene is laid at pretty Twickenham by More Ferry.

Mists shroud the distant reaches of the river, but in the foreground among the lily roots and late swans, a wherry makes its swift way across from Richmond Palace, which lies

on the east bank. The ferry boat is gay, and the smart waterman, private servants with the silver badge of the Boar's Head on their coats, bend proudly to their oars. They are bearing a Royal freight back with them to Twickenham Lodge, for the Queen dines to-day with her Counsel learned in the law.

We have only to turn to his *Essay Of Gardens* to learn what those sunny gardens and lawns "finely shorn" were like in summer. Flowers with Francis were a passion: and must bloom and bud in every season of the year, within doors and without. His dinner table is not complete unless strewn with flowers. The flowers of the plays, Shakespeare's favourites, are Bacon's. In his garden must be "a bank well set with wylde-time," for "being trodden upon or crushed, it perfumes the air delightfully." Oberon, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, speaks of "a bank where the wild thyme blows, where oxlips and the nodding violets grows," and tells us it is "quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, and with sweet musk roses." Are these among the flowers grown in Twickenham garden? Why, surely, for Francis loves cowslips and honeysuckle.* "But," he says, "that which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet. Specially the white-double-violet which comes twice a year." "Next to that is, the muske rose." And "because the *breath* of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music," there must be other flowers besides "Roses, damask and red," for you may "walk by a whole row of them and finde nothing of their sweetness;" (for they are fast flowers of their smells,) "yea, though it be in a Morning Dew." There must without doubt be Wall-flowers, which," he says, "are very delightful, to be "set under a parler, or lower chamber window." Is it there that he sits and pens the Sonnets with the scent of the blush pincks and gilly-flowers, specially the "Clove gilly-flowers," in the air? But, stay a moment first, what does Shakespeare say of roses? He notices "fresh morning drops upon the rose" and "morning roses washed in dew." And "sweet damask roses." Yes, of course he does, these are his words. And again he says, "Make your garden rich in gilly-flowers!" They are twin souls, Bacon and he.

But a lover as Francis is of flowers, he is not thinking of flowers to-day. Not alone because it is the

* *Essay Of Gardens.*

middle of Michaelmas term, and summer has fled and garden flowers too, but because Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, lies in the Tower under charge of rebellion and treason. He has drifted away from the friend who would have saved him from this end, both by "poetical conceits," as Essex writes in a letter, and by straightforward English. Now "the tragedy has changed. It is a new act to begin," as our dramatist describes a similar case of impending trouble. "Though he professes not to be a poet," he is about to present to her Majesty a sonnet he has written. He has shown it to a friend of position, who has commended it. It is "a toy" which he hopes will soften offended Majesty, that might turn a deaf ear to more serious pleading. Francis Bacon is now the "silver-tongued" orator of Westminster, who sways the Commons as he sways the Courts, by the power of his mind and tongue. Westminster rings with his impassioned speeches, rich in imagery, and brimful of a rare eloquence. When Francis speaks, his hearers wish that they may never come to the end of what he has to say. What are the words with which he will choose to combat the will of the incensed and vindictive woman, whom Green the historian tells us always played the mother to Essex? A line or two from a speech of his addressed to the Commons on the practical subject of subsidies to the crown, perhaps may throw some light on the kind of metaphor he may have used while suing for pardon for his friend:

"I dare not scan upon her Majesty's actions, which it becometh me rather to admire in silence than to glosse and discourse upon them, though with never so good a meaning. Sure I am that the treasure that cometh from you to her Majesty, is but as a vapour which riseth from the earth and gathereth into a cloud, and stayeth not there long, but upon the same earth it falleth again; and what if some drops of this do fall upon France and Flanders? It is like a sweet odour of honour and reputation to our nation throughout the world."

"Mercy," we are told in the *Merchant of Venice* "drop-peth as the gentle rain from heaven," which reminds us of Francis' Natural History, where he speaks of the "gentle dew," of the rainbow that makes the "ground sweet where it falleth," and this mercy is what he hopes to win for Essex to-day. What his views are of this quality let us find in his Essay on *Judicature*: "In causes of life and death; judges

ought, as far as the law permitteth in justice, to remember mercy ; " and further on he says, " They should imitate God, in whose seat they sit." And again in the *Resuscitatio* : " And for mercy and grace (without which there is no standing before justice), we see the king has now reigned twelve years in his white robes, without almost any aspersion of the crimson die of blood." His views are sound on mercy, and are tuned to the same key as is Portia's speech. But like her's, the plea put forth in Twickenham Lodge failed to touch the heart of its hearer: the Queen remained obdurate to the voice of the poet, charmed he never so wisely. He tells us how truly and how often he pleaded with her. " Commending her Majesty's mercy. Terming her as an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands, and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people. " For a space of three months, it seems that she looked coldly on her Counsellor, because of his zeal in Essex's behalf, but when the New-year's tide was over she granted him an interview, and showed herself once more the gracious friend rather than the Queen." " She was," he says, " exceeding moved, and accumulated a number of kind and gracious words upon me, and willed me to rest upon this '*gratia mea sufficit*,' and a number of other sensible and tender words, and demonstrations, such as more could not be." And so, as history tells us, Essex went to the block, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Francis to " bring the Queen about."

Before we turn from this subject, I may mention that tradition credits Bolingbroke in the Play of *Richard II.* with being meant for Essex. And it seems as though we get a hint of this from our Francis, who seems to have had more than one talk with the Queen about the matter. There was a doubt in her mind as to the true authorship of a book, containing in it the deposition of Richard II. Heywood was thrown into the Tower for it, but Elizabeth shrewdly suspected he was not the author, and sent for Francis to tell her whether there were any treason in it. He tells us the story in his *Apothegms*, and in his " Apology touching Essex." In the latter, he makes a curious confession, whether it applies to the Play of *Richard* or the pamphlet is not clear: " I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had affinity with my Lord of Essex cause, which, though it grew from me, went about after in other men's names." An honest confession for a concealed poet to make! William Lambarde seems to have given his name to it, and the Queen is said to have said to him, " Know

you not that I am Richard?" When she interviewed Francis with a request to know if there was treason in it, he allayed her anger with a "merry conceit," and said, "There is very much felony," explaining it was made up "of sentences and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus." He gave her a suggestive plan for finding out the real author, "Madam, rack him not, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink and paper, help of books, and let him be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collecting the styles, to judge whether he were the author or not." Which is amusing in the extreme, coming from one who has as many styles as a chameleon has colours. It is Bacon's theory, that every subject should maintain and command its own style, and he faithfully acts up to that idea.

His "History of Henry VII." reads like a novel; better, for what novel is as full of imagery, and, therefore, of poetry? One of the metaphors there is again suggestive. In alluding to the furtherer of the pretender Simnel he says: "None could hold the book so well to prompt or instruct this stage-play as he did." A curious sentence for a philosopher and man of law. And again: "He thought good after the manner of stage-plays and masks to show it afar off, and therefore sailed to Ireland." Very curious indeed, till we know that his private secretary was Ben Jonson, and he himself was chosen, when Secretary of State and Attorney-General, to stage and produce a Masque at the Temple.

If we need any further evidence of Francis's love for the stage and his connection with it, we have only to turn to Chamberlain, and see what he says about a Masque at Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple, produced in 1602-3, "whereof Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver."

If we look at his Essay on *Building* we shall find "a goodly room" described "above stairs, of some fortie feet high, for Feasts and Triumphs. And under it a room for a dressing or preparing place, at Times of Triumph," which is explained in the posthumous Latin copy of 1638 as being "Feasts, Plays, and such Magnificences, and to receive conveniently the actors while dressing and preparing;" showing most distinctly on what our dramatist's thoughts were running all the time the world gives him credit for complete absorption in weightier matters of the law and philosophy.

It is a well-known fact that Anthony, "his dearest brother," lived at one time next door to the Red Bull Inn, only giving

up his house because Lady Anne grieved at this sign of his fondness for stage-plays.

This Red Bull Inn, or Tavern Theatre, was not ten minutes removed from Saint John's Gate, Clerkenwell. I visited its site last summer as a reverent pilgrim. In that Gate the Master Tyler master of the Revels, lived and rehearsed the Court players. He licensed thirty of the Shakespeare Plays; and this Head-quarters of the Drama in England, under the patronage of Royalty, communicated by an underground passage with the ivied tower at Canonbury in which our Francis was living when he received the Great Seal. It has the reputation of being, at different times, the residence of poets of note, but if you go and see it and consult books, you will probably get but one name of a poet given you—that of Oliver Goldsmith.

The fact that Bacon leased the tower for seventy years is shrouded in mystery. He has well been spoken of as the "Lord of those who *know*." And these, for reasons best known to themselves, maintain an *altum silentium* on the subject. It is only by working away in faith and patience that we approach always nearer and nearer to the Truth. The clue is fine, but strong, and we shall come triumphantly out of the labyrinth into the full light at last, while those who are silent from principle look on and wait.

Happily we are free to make researches, and we are making them, and with good results. Every step taken in different directions independently by various persons all lead to the same result. We are becoming more and more certain every hour that Francis Saint Alban was the "one great spirit of his Age." "Not of *one* Age, but for all time."

Spedding gives his testimony to his genius in these words: "He could at once imagine like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works." Nichol, the Edinburgh Professor who has written his life, remarks how extraordinary alike are Bacon and Shakespeare in the magnificence of their language and thought. While W. H. Smith quaintly likens the resemblance between them to the scientific toy which we lately have learnt to call the Mutescope. He says: "Bacon and Shakespeare we know to be distinct individuals, occupying positions as opposite as the man and horse, or the bird and the cage, yet when we come to agitate the question, the poet appears so combined with the philosopher and the philosopher with the poet, we cannot but believe them to be identical."

For an instance of this let us take Macbeth. The interview

is between him and the doctor—they are speaking of Lady Macbeth. Following the idea conveyed so amusingly by the writer just quoted, I will sandwich in the two—Bacon and Shakespeare,—so that it will indeed be difficult to say which is which, except that most people know their “Shakespeare” by heart, would we could say the same of their Saint Alban.

[Act V., Scene 3.]

Mac.—“How does your patient, doctor?”

Doc.—“Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, that keep her from her rest.”

Mac.—“Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas’d; pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow; raze out the written troubles of the brain; and, with some sweet oblivious antidote, cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff, which weighs upon the heart?”

Doc.—“Therein the patient must minister to himself.”

Mac.—“Throw physic to the dogs, I’ll none of it. Good lord! How wisely can you discern of physic ministered to the body, and consider not that there is the like occasion of physic ministered to the mind. The body is but the tabernacle of the mind.

The mind is as the mirror, or glass: should take illumination from the foreknowledge of God and spirits. More needs she the Divine than the physician. It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind. There is no power on earth which setteth up a throne in the spirits and souls of men, and in their imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge. By learning man ascendeth to the heavens, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”*

A conversation between the Queen and Francis on the ever recurrent subject of Essex furnishes us with this interesting parallel, which distinctly proves that the thoughts, and the expression of those thoughts, are the same in the poet and the philosopher.

We hold that Saint Alban was one of a very erudite and

* A word or two in this passage has been omitted from Bacon where it made the line scan.

very secret society of learned men. Their, name Rosicrucian, being derived from the words *dew* and *cross*—the honey-dew of knowledge rising and falling again on the souls of men in odorous showers from the well of Truth. They are physicians in the highest sense of the term, because they aim at restoring the bodily powers of man through the action of the soul, fed by Divine wisdom and knowledge.

We are not surprised to find Francis laying down this proposition that "The poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo, because the office of medicine is to tune this curious harp of man's body and to reduce it to harmony." And again :

"Our varying art to pains relief assures—
A thousand ills shall claim a thousand cures."
—*Advancement of Learning.*

While Jacques, in *As You Like It*, says much the same :—

"I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the
infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

In 1606 Francis married, at the age of 46, a Worcestershire lady, pretty, unstable Alice Barnham, whom he courted for three years. They were married in the merry month of May among the snowy blooms of S. Marylebone, in a little chapel at the foot of Hampstead Hill. * The bridegroom was clad in purple from head to foot. Though the sun seems to have shone on the gay ceremony, it was not a happy marriage for him. We may gather this, I think, from the following, partly :—"The stage is more beholden to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage love is ever the matter of Comedies and now and then of Tragedies ; but in life it doth much mischief."

ALICIA A. LEITH.

* "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life" (Hepworth Dixon), p. 218.

A NEW VIEW OF THE "SONNETS."

IN his work entitled, "A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare," Mr. Parke Godwin tells his readers "it was reserved for the long-eared quidnuncs of the present century, who invented the Baconian nonsense, to raise even the thinnest mist of a doubt on the subject" [of the authorship.] Sidney Lee maintains that the "Sonnets" were addressed to the Earl of Southampton; William Archer will have none of Southampton, but maintains they were addressed to the Earl of Pembroke; Mr. Parke Godwin says they were addressed to Mr. "William Himself," and that "they are as translucent as Mother Goose." Although *Venus and Adonis* has always been understood to be "the first heir of my invention," Mr. Parke Godwin tells us the Sonnets "must have been written before the *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*," and he insists that not a few of them were addressed to Anne Hathaway. Says Mr. Parke Godwin:—"I read the other day an account of a young Italian woman, of the middle ranks, who at that time made herself so complete a mistress of the Greek that she was able to lecture on Greek literature in the Greek language at various Universities. Anne Hathaway was not, *perhaps, of this select sort* (!) She was a simple rustic maiden, but as such not necessarily ignorant or unread; nor wholly indifferent to the accomplishments of her boyish lover. We should offend no actual history or authentic tradition if we should suppose her to have been the 'beloved' of the earlier Sonnets. If she was not the model of Perdita, 'the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward,' she might easily have been the original 'sweet Anne Page,' simple, modest, amiable, and of charm enough, aside from her father's fortune, to attract three or four suitors at once, and of spirit enough to run away with one of them without getting her parents' consent. Then, again, as she was older than her boy husband, she might, instead of repelling him, ultimately have exercised over his eager and impetuous impulses a salutary control, as quiet and gentle as that of a summer's day. Does he not intimate as much when he writes:—(Here follows Sonnet 18).

"As the lad repeated these lines to the girl, either at Shottery, her home, or in his father's house, she, if she was the woman I take her to have been, threw her arms about him, and gave him some hearty kisses, exclaiming, 'Oh, William, boy! if ever there was a poet you are one; but, alas, you make too much of my good looks, for remember

that I am older than you are, and beauty is a thing that soon decays.' 'Does it?' he reflected, as he went away thoughtfully, and the next time they were alone he gave her his version of that question. (Here follows Sonnet 104).

"The poet then averred that he himself would share in this happy exemption of love. (Here follows Sonnet 22).

"Of course, when that was read the osculatory processes were resumed, but the time for such dalliances was soon to end. Shakespeare was living with his father, a yeoman and a merchant as well, in whose business he assisted, giving an hour also, as he could, to the study of law." Shakespeare then sets out for London, and that the journey "was wearisome and slow, the poet has told us in a Sonnet which he *no doubt* sent from his first stopping-place, either by post, or by some returning merchant." He writes:—(Here follows Sonnet 50).

What a delightful picture. Anne Hathaway, "the model of Perdita," "the original sweet Anne Page," &c., &c., to whom Shakespeare, in the profusion of his love and generosity, afterwards left his "second-best bedstead."

Mr. Parke Godwin, curiously enough, does not admire Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," of which he writes:—"Its general effect is to degrade Shakespeare very much in the estimation of the reader, as he is made to appear not only an unscrupulous plagiarist, but a sordid hanger-on of the great, and a gross-minded sensualist. Mr. Lee also pronounces some of the Sonnets as positively 'inane,' an opinion that may be taken as a measure of his critical capacity." Poor Mr. Lee! Fancy his "critical capacity" being called in question by a Shaksperian!

In imaginative history, Mr. Godwin is quite a match for Mr. Sidney Lee. He says that Shakespeare's early blank verse "excited more than usual attention, on the part of Shakespeare's fellow play-wrights, and we can easily imagine one of them, say Peele, straying into a tap-house, for a morning dram, and encountering Mr. Greene, who had been there all night, with the salutation, 'Well, Bob, were you at the theatre yesterday?' 'No, but what's up?' 'A new piece written by that stripling busy-body from Stratford.' 'Well, how did it go?' 'Bad enough; it abounds in Sonnets, or new rhymes of some sort; and yet the people laughed, and now and then there was a burst of this new-fangled blank verse, which is likely to make Marlowe tremble for his laurels.' 'That lad,' muttered Greene, 'must be looked to,' and he was looked to, with a vengeance."

And this is how Shakespearean biography is written!

G. S.